

how does it feel to be helpless for once?

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how does it feel to be helpless for once?

by [SatanicDoormat](#)

Summary

way too much plot, but basically:

sub! king! dream gets sucked off by dom! jester/court entertainer! george! and vice versa.

also, guard sapnap is a huge pain and bad is a sweet lil' muffin.

so yeah. here's some medieval au smut. as a treat. :))

also this is my kinktober announcement fic (not a part of Kinktober tho)

it kinda just jumps into the whole medieval au so here's a quick rundown! basically it's supposed to be a given that Dream is a king of some kingdom, sapnap and bad are the sons of his father (the previous king)'s guards, and George is a random commoner who can apparently do music and shit and becomes the court entertainer (but is referred to as a jester because i can)

also, I'll update you guys on my other story progress! (I'm so sorry please I'm so sorry) and im doing kinktober!! go to the end notes in chap 1 for details!! apologies for the long

summary!

Notes

hello twitter pls go away thx ive fallen down the smut hole that's shame enough
there goes my last ounce of pride and self-restraint
please don't read this if you're uncomfortable with explicit stuff/smut with this
pairing!!!!Don't ship real people please, this is just personas.
not me writing 6k words of setup because-because. because. I hate myself this should not
have taken ten years Jesus Christ why do I always have to do this to myself it's so much
easier to write smut with an established relationship and no au ffs
anyway. dream is a sub bc bottom dream is my weakness. also, bc I know you may want
peace of mind, no, sapnap and bad are not going to stand there while Dream gets head, the
second-hand embarrassment is too much
keep in mind that although this is a medieval au, I'm using present-day slang.
for those of you that are waiting for an update on my usual stories but don't want to see any
explicit stuff, click the end notes!
READ THE GODDAMN TAGS. READ THE TAGS. DON'T LIKE, DON'T READ.
why are my a/n's always so long? if u read all of this thanks ily ur the best

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream shifted in his seat, adjusting the elaborate jewel-encrusted circlet that adorned his blonde
curls.

The throne room was quiet, which was a rare occurrence. Normally, there would be lines of
peasants and disgruntled nobles requesting an audience with the king to solve their problems-
nearly always some petty squabble involving duels, or crops, or stolen items-but not today. All of
the countless courtiers, servants, and nobles that frequented the throne room seemed to have
disappeared into the farthest corners of the castle, or not shown up at all. Maybe because it was a
Sunday.

The young king stifled a yawn, yearning to go back to his room and read, or go out to the stables
and ride around. Anything else would be less dull.

At least there were no pesky messengers from the countless neighbouring kingdoms offering him
another princess for his bride.

Dream shuddered. *Princesses. Spoiled brats, the lot. I'd rather die.* Dream's advisors -he met with
them every other weekday- were always nagging him to find a pretty countess, duchess, heiress,

princess, or whatever, preferably one with a sweet disposition who was popular with the people, and take her as his queen. He'd need a heir, after all.

He rolled his eyes just thinking about it. *I'm twenty, for fuck's sake. I don't want kids. And I definitely don't want some prissy dumbass beauty in my castle.*

Dream didn't tend to find most women-well, any women- attractive. He didn't quite know why. That's what he told himself.

Dream tended to lie to himself a lot.

Sometimes Sapnap (one of his guards and a close friend of his) would point out a pretty girl to him at a random ball or celebration, some feisty redhead who was all curves, or a doe-eyed blonde batting her eyelashes at every guy with a padded wallet. Dream would just snort.

"Keep it in your pants, Sap, will ya?"

"Wha- I am! I'm just saying she's pretty. Isn't she pretty?"

"Not really."

"God, you say that every time. I'm starting to think you just don't like girls-Ow!"

Dream had smacked him hard.

That didn't stop him from thinking about it. *Did he like girls? Did he have a preference for guys? Or was it just that no one had caught his eye yet?*

He shifted again, putting those thoughts out of his mind. Boredom was really starting to creep in.

I could really use some entertainment right now. Maybe I could get the court jester in here-?

The young king flushed slightly, immediately wishing he'd never brought it up to himself. You see, now Dream was faced with a choice.

The newest "fool", or court jester, had arrived just a week ago. But almost from the day Dream laid eyes on him, he had developed an absolutely hopeless crush on the other boy. (Which did nothing for his inner sexuality turmoil, by the way.) And... that was a problem, to say the least.

Jesters were originally meant to tell jokes, pull faces, generally fuck around and poke fun at everything and everyone, but nowadays kings were hiring more...formal entertainment. Personal singers or musicians tended to be way less annoying than clowns. *And way cuter.*

George-for that was his name-happened to play the lyre and sing, which was, to be frank, really, *really* attractive. To Dream, at least. No, he definitely didn't have a "twinks-playing-lyres" fetish. At least that's what he told Sapnap (accompanied by a punch in the shoulder) when the latter asked him, but then again, Dream did have a habit of lying to himself.

Anyway.

So, this meant that he either had to deal with his boredom, or call in George and deal with his feelings, along with the budding realization that he may not be entirely straight.

Neither seemed very appealing.

Dream tussled with the idea for a few minutes. Eventually he just said fuck it. *I can keep myself in check for one day. Christ, Dream, get it together.*

"Sapnap? Bad?" He leaned down from the raised dais he was seated on. Dream was calling down to his most trusted guards, the only other people in the room, two friends from childhood. They had been his father's guard's sons, and there was no one else he would've trusted more to protect him.

"Yeah, Your Majesty?" Sapnap grinned. "'Sup?"

Bad waved at Dream from the other side of the throne. "What do you need?"

Dream rolled his eyes. “Sapnap, I told you, call me Dream in private. For fuck’s sake. You’d think a guard would know how to follow simple instructions. Uh, can you guys get George in here? I’m kind of bored.” He flushed even having to ask, feeling a sinful insinuation behind the seemingly innocuous words instantly. Luckily, neither Sapnap nor Bad seemed to pick up on it.

“Language!” Bad piped up.

“Who? Oh, yeah, George. You mean the jester. So, you two are on a pre-martial first-name basis now?” Sapnap wiggled his eyebrows. Dream felt his face burn. *Fuck, I’ve gotten so used to calling him George in my head-* another thought that brought a wave of heat across his cheeks, as he came to the realization that he had probably been thinking about George way more than necessary, (and there he went again, calling him George) which brought up even *more* confusing and extremely questionable thoughts-

God fucking damnit.

Of course Sapnap had to notice his gigantic puppy crush on the new entertainer. For an absolute idiot, the guy is pretty perceptive. After yet another mundane day of sitting on his throne with nothing to do, Dream finally had given in to an impulse and decided to hire someone that would take an edge off his boredom. That someone happened to be George.

He wasn’t sure if he regretted it or not.

Dream definitely got a lot more than he bargained for when George showed up at the castle a few days after they had put out a position request, brown hair adorably tousled and dark chocolate eyes twinkling with mischief. He thought back to that first meeting, cheeks darkening in remembered embarrassment. *No wonder Sapnap noticed right away. Holy fuck, I’m really easy to swoon.*

“State your business.” Sapnap had commanded upon George’s arrival. Dream hadn’t looked up, studying his fingernails. He figured it was someone else coming to bitch about taxes or crops.

“Oh! Of course. Sorry. Hi, my name is George Henry Davidson, I heard you had a position open for a court jester?” George bowed with a flourish, smiling sheepishly and running a hand through his hair.

Dream hadn’t even been listening until George opened his mouth.

George's accent was absolutely adorable. He shaped his words carefully, with an almost musical lilt that grabbed Dream's heart and squeezed it in an iron fist.

Dream's head snapped up, taking in the sight of the shorter boy before him.

He could remember one coherent thought from that moment, and unfortunately for Dream's dignity, it was something along the lines of "Holy fuck that guy is really pretty."

George caught the motion, meeting Dream's eyes for a split second, and the king was almost certain he saw George's eyes twinkle coyly before returning his attention to Sapnap.

Sapnap gave them both an odd look, noticing the mutual changes in expression before shaking his head and going back to George.

"Woah, I didn't think anyone would actually show up. Okay, do you have any weapons on you?" Sapnap asked. George shook his head no. Bad gave George a once-over just in case, patting him down with an apologetic smile. You could never be too safe.

A really embarrassing thought crossed Dream's mind while Bad was patting George down. Dream eyed George's slender frame, patches of pale skin visible peeking out from his shirt, and something in him itched to touch, memorize every dip and curve in the small boy's body until he could see it with his eyes closed.

"Okay. Dr-Your Majesty," Sapnap smirked. He had to call Dream that in the presence of others, but he made sure Dream would be as annoyed as possible with his compliance. He gestured towards George, presenting the young man. "George Davidson. He's inquiring about a court jester position?"

"Uh. Yes. Hi." Dream cleared his throat, attempting to compose himself and tamp down the blood that was surely rushing to his face. "Um, yes, we do. Have a position open, that is." he stammered, looking George up and down. He wasn't very proud of that, but it wasn't every day that an extraordinarily attractive boy just waltzed in. "Are you interested in the position?" God, he hoped so.

Sapnap picked up on his embarrassment immediately, staring at the normally cocky Dream with a knowing smile, an inkling of what was going on starting to form in his mind.

Dream couldn't bring himself to meet his friend's eyes because that would certainly give him away, instead opting to focus on George. But that wasn't better, because then he was really just making it worse for himself.

"Yes. I can sing, sort of, and I play the lyre pretty well, to be honest." George rattled off, winning smile never faltering, the white ruffles adorning his shirt bearing a strange resemblance to the fluffy brown hair atop his head. His eyes bored into Dream's, deep vats of dark chocolate that simultaneously managed to convince Dream that George was a living angel who had never done wrong, but somehow was able to hint at less-than-innocent desires at the exact same time. Dream felt like he was drowning, torn apart by this commoner's gaze in mere seconds, desperately grabbing at the last vestiges of his dignity and poise.

The worst part was, he kind of liked it. Liked being helpless, being out of control for once in his life. Ever since he was born, Dream had everything handed to him on a silver platter as a future king. He wondered despite himself what it would feel like to be pinned down, ordered around, forced to obey and beg for every little thing.

The thought sent a white-hot flash of arousal up his spine, which somehow managed to jolt him out of his stupor.

Dream may also have just realized, well, something else, but he'd deal with that later.

"Um, okay." Dream took a deep breath, tearing his gaze away from George, which managed to somewhat clear his swirling head. "So, you're qualified, right?" For a moment Dream considered asking George to play some music for them-well, it was pretty much required for something like this, right? He couldn't very well hire George before knowing if he was as skilled as he claimed to be- but then he dismissed the notion for a number of reasons. One, if he heard George play he'd probably pass out or just die on the spot or something embarrassing like that. It'd be even worse if he heard George sing. Dream would probably have a stroke. Also, he didn't think George was the type to just bluff his way into a position.

Or maybe he was just really whipped.

George did seem like a reasonably talented musician, if he had to guess. Dream glanced at the boy, who had long, graceful tapered fingers that were currently laced together idly, perfect for expertly manipulating strings or pressing keys.

Dream allowed himself to slip into another little fantasy for a moment, imagining those graceful hands stroking him quickly, giving him too much and somehow still not enough, nearly going

insane as he pleaded, begged, cried, no more, no more, no more, making him scream with pleasure and overstimulation. Or, maybe, being edged as George whispered sweet nothings in his ear, sobbing hysterically, the promise of release too far away for him to take.

Sapnap coughed smugly, jolting Dream out of his third little dirty reprieve in the span of five minutes. Dream blinked. He was probably crimson to the tips of his ears, and he couldn't for the life of him remember what he was just thinking about before. Dream just wanted this to be over and done so he could mull over a dozen different realizations that had just sparked in his brain.

“Um. You’re hired.” he blurred out, immediately wishing he could stuff them back into his mouth.

Sapnap raised an eyebrow, suspicions nearly confirmed.

George smiled at Dream, dismantling him, scrutinizing the pieces, and putting him back together differently. “Really? Thank you so much!”

Dream was pretty sure his heart grew a few sizes because it suddenly seemed to be bursting out of his chest. He nodded, cheeks burning. “Yeah. Uh, you’re wel-Sapnap, show him to his quarters and retract the personnel request.” Dream interrupted himself, fighting the urge to just bury his face in his hands and either scream or spontaneously combust.

Bad obliged, leading the smaller boy off.

Sapnap was tempted to have a picture painted of the king at that exact moment so Dream could see just how stupidly lovestruck he looked. And then hang it right behind the throne so no one would ever take him seriously again. The thought brought a devilish smile to Sapnap’s face.

Dream stared after George, features arranged in a stupid smile.

“So that’s why you never show interest in girls.” Sapnap mused aloud. “And here I thought you were just a prude. Apparently not, considering what just happened. And you have the gall to tell me to keep it in my pants.”

Dream nearly fell off his throne, both from the shock that Sapnap had actually said a word with more than seven letters, much less a word like ‘gall’, and something that sounded like an intelligent sentence?! Not to mention the realization that his friend may just have figured out his

sexuality. How much more of this was he was expected to take in one day before he just keeled over?

Poor guy. You had to feel sorry for Dream.

Really.

No, it's not funny or sad.

Maybe a little bit.

And that was the beginning of Sapnap teasing him relentlessly. Well, more so than usual. At least Sapnap wasn't judging him. Well, Dream didn't think so. Sapnap was hard to understand sometimes, often blurring the lines between actual scorn and teasing.

“Dream? Hello?” Speaking of which, Sapnap waved at him from his position next to the throne, seemingly permanent smug expression occupying his features.

Dream started, jolting out of his thoughts, tell-tale blush evident on his face for practically the ninth time that day. *I forgot I was talking. God, that really has to stop happening.* “Oh. Yeah. Uh, ask George to come in, please.”

“You already asked me that. Anything for His Majesty the Amazing All-Knowing.” Sapnap made a kissy face at him. “I’ll go get your boy toy.”

Boy toy? That doesn't even make sense-

Dream groaned. “I fucking-you stupid excuse for a human being, Sapnap, I can have you beheaded, don’t test me-“

“Language!”

“Sure you will.” Sapnap trotted off down one of the corridors behind the throne to fetch George, leaving Dream with Bad.

After a few minutes of silence, Dream decided to confront Bad with something that had been gnawing at him ever since George arrived, triggering so many new feelings and reactions that Dream barely knew where to start with himself.

So, I like guys. It felt easier to admit it freely to himself. Finally, we’re getting somewhere.

But what does that mean? What will people think of me?

Sapnap doesn’t care. Dream pointed out to himself.

Does he? Anyway, Sapnap doesn’t count. He’s like, subhuman. Like, some kind of really horny alien. Dream argued back in his head.

“Really horny?” I’m one to talk. The king blushed once again, pushing a few blonde strands of hair out of his face.

Whatever. No matter whether Sapnap counts or not, it couldn’t hurt to ask Bad about it. What’s the worse that could happen? Bad’s so nice.

“Bad?” Dream fidgeted in his seat, turning awkwardly to look down on his friend.

“Yeah?”

“Do you, uhm, do you think it’s okay for two guys to like each other?” Dream asked tentatively before he could talk himself out of it again. *Bad’s really smart, even if he sometimes acts kind of dumb. He knows about this stuff.*

What will I do if Bad’s not okay with something like this? I don’t know how I would feel about it if it wasn’t me. Bad is the kindest person I know.

Bad cocked an eyebrow at him. “What do you mean, you silly muffin? We like each other, don’t we? Aren’t we friends?”

Dream groaned internally. Sometimes he forgot that Bad was-well, Bad, no matter how smart he may be. That just made it harder.

“No, not like that. Well, yes, Bad, we’re friends. But-” Dream took a deep breath, deciding to just blurt it out. “Like, *like* like. As in, *romantically*.”

Bad frowned quizzically. “Romantically?”

Dream’s stomach dropped and he hastily tried to cover up, doubt welling in his chest. “You know what, forget it, it’s not important, forget I said anything-“

“No, you muffin, it’s okay. I’m just thinking.” Bad smiled gently. “Romantically, huh? Like...boyfriend and boyfriend?”

Temporary relief washed over Dream, but he wanted to be sure. “Uh...yeah. Like-hypothetically, of course-if a guy were to like another guy, or want to kiss another guy, would...do you think that’s okay?”

“Well, I suppose so. It couldn’t hurt, right?” Bad mused, rubbing his chin. “Why are you asking me, you potato? Ask your advisors, aren’t they paid to tell you stuff?”

Over my dead body. I’d probably be stoned. “No, Bad, I just...wanted to know what you thought.”

“That’s sweet.” His friend’s nose scrunched up, which is what it did whenever Bad was genuinely thinking about something. “I don’t see how it’s any different than girls. It shouldn’t matter, should it? I don’t think so, at least.”

Dream slumped with relief, a burden he hadn’t realized was there lifting off his shoulders. “Thanks, Bad. That means a lo- I mean...Thanks for, uh, telling me what you thought.” he interrupted himself mid-sentence, hoping Bad didn’t notice.

“No problem. It’s not a big deal, you muffin, you don’t need to thank me.” Bad smiled brightly at Dream, who nodded back, relieved.

They lapsed into a companionable silence. Dream fidgeted with his hands, somehow unable to stay still despite Bad putting the biggest of his worries to rest.

It seemed like an eternity later when Sapnap crept up behind the throne and screamed in Dream’s ear. Well, as close as he could manage given the raised throne.

Dream was so on edge that he yelped and almost fell out of his seat, whipping around to see Sapnap laughing hysterically at him.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Sapnap, I’m tired of you pulling that shit, you have no self-respect at all—” his rant stopped short, ears turning red as he noticed a smaller figure behind the familiar laughing face of his friend.

“Language!” Bad berated.

“Your face, oh my god!” Sapnap cackled, wiping a tear from his eye.

“I hate you. So much.” Dream buried his face in his hands, ears still crimson.

George giggled from behind Sapnap, a tinkling, clear sound that rang though Dream’s head, only serving to muddle his thoughts further. It was honestly getting to the point where Dream couldn’t think straight at all.

“George Henry Davidson, per your request.” Sapnap gestured at the boy accompanying him.

Dream nodded, locking eyes with George as well as he could from the awkward position he was in (looking over his shoulder behind the throne).

George quickly quelled his laughter, puffing his cheeks out innocently with a perfect *I wasn’t laughing, I swear!* expression that melted Dream immediately, sending a warm, fuzzy feeling buzzing through his core and the faintest hint of a smile to his face. Quickly, Dream turned back around before he could give anything else away.

Sapnap walked over to his post next to the throne on the opposite side of Bad, and George took that as his cue to walk around the throne, stopping in front of the dais.

“Your Majesty, you asked for me?” George bowed deeply, bent in half for at least three seconds before straightening up again, the blood rushing to his head giving George’s cheeks a lovely pink tinge, eyes twinkling smugly one an almost mocking fashion. It made him look absolutely *delicious*, like a crisp, glistening red apple just waiting for Dream to sink his teeth in-

“Uh, yeah.” Dream stuttered, forgetting himself once again and fighting the urge to lick his lips, instead opting to press them together in a firm line.

Pull it together, dumbass. You’re a king, not a hormonal teenager.

“I mean, yes, I did.” Dream tried a more confident tone, hoping it made him sound just a little bit more sure of himself. By the side of his chair, Sapnap snorted, which really did not help. At all.

“Could you play something for us?” he asked stiffly, really wishing at that point he had just toughed out the boredom.

“Oh, of course. Would you like me to sing and play, or just play?” George asked, with a gracious smile, producing a lyre that appeared to have been strapped to his back and sitting down at the foot of the dais.

“Just play, please.” Dream answered.

George nodded, crossing his legs and making himself comfortable, all the while never breaking eye contact with Dream. Which would have been unnerving if not for the small fire it lit in his stomach, an intense burn that could not be ignored no matter how hard he tried.

Despite the fact that he was the king, this was his castle, and his kingdom, Dream suddenly felt very out of place. Trapped, if you will, like a small mouse caught in the gaze of a cat.

One that liked to play with its food before pouncing on it.

Finally breaking his little staring contest with Dream, George picked out a tune on the strings of the lyre, producing a sweet, ringing melody.

a/n (I promise, this is the only chap interruption) yes, I am completely aware that a lyre is a 3k+ year old instrument and is really really hard to play and basically just a terrible instrument with shitty strings. which is why I'm not going to say it sounded like a fucking symphony orchestra

because it doesn't

it sounds like a shitty guitar but you can only play five of the strings, there are no frets, and you can't do chords you can only do melodies and that's if you're a master of the stupid thing but it still sounds pretty good all things considered

i literally wrote 6k words of setup + plot before realizing I hate the way the nsfw started but what fucking ever I ain't giving up this took two weeks. Two. Weeks.

anyway.

He plucked a few more strings, producing a melancholy medley of notes that faded to background noise in Dream's mind.

Bad let out an appreciative *ooh, that's pretty!* but no one acknowledged it.

Sapnap shifted from foot to foot, covering his mouth in a soundless yawn.

Dream noticed none of this.

The beauty of the music was fake, two-dimensional, Dream thought, compared to the beauty in front of him. He was too busy staring at George to listen, taking the opportunity of George being too engrossed in his playing to notice.

Long, pale fingers danced nimbly across the strings stretched over clumsily hewed wood. Fluffy hair fell in George's face as he bent over the instrument, brow furrowed in concentration. Every little detail felt sharpened to Dream, every little movement the other made leaving a lasting impression on his eyelids.

He'd never been this affected by someone before, and it was alarming just how *stirring* it was.

Dream felt the fire in his gut flare up again, beginning to slip into the dirty part of his mind, rapidly losing the battle with himself to stay lucid. He shifted in his seat, trying to tamp down literally everything that was going on in his head while rearranging his expression into a blank, walled-off stare, which was no easy feat.

By the side of the dais, Sapnap craned his neck to peer at Dream, curious to see if he was just as bored. *Probably not, considering this is the guy he won't stop thinking about.*

From what he could see, Dream was staring straight at George, his hands gripping the armrests so tightly the knuckles were nearly white.

Holy shit, he's got it bad. Sapnap stifled a chuckle, glancing at George. *What does he see in this guy?*

As Sapnap watched, George's fingers fluttered across the strings in a stream of notes that never seemed to cease, chest rising and falling along with the rhythm.

He was a good musician, Sapnap gave him that. Other than that, he had a pretty generic doe-eyed look, button nose, full lips, blah blah blah.

He looks feminine, but at the same time...not?

Twink Central, basically. I guess Dream has good taste.

Sapnap snickered to himself. *I wouldn't know, anyway.*

He began to stare into space once again, glancing back at Dream, who was still scrutinizing George.

Suddenly, there was a pause in the music. Nothing jarring or unusual, probably a part of the song, but it was enough to cause Sapnap to look over at George once again, and he kind of wished he hadn't, because now he sort of wanted to throw up.

George had locked eyes with Dream, staring straight back without a hint of nerve, the last note he had played still ringing out, the faintest hint of a cocky smirk tugging at the corner of his lips, eyes boring into the other with nearly unmistakable intention.

Sapnap turned to Dream so fast he almost gave himself whiplash, incredulous understanding beginning to form in a corner of his brain.

Dream's cheeks blossomed a fierce fire-engine red, gazing back at George with an expression not unlike a deer in headlights.

Sapnap whipped his head to George, then Dream, then back again like he was watching a tennis match, nearly making himself dizzy.

George cocked an eyebrow at the king, smirk growing when it only made Dream blush redder, clenching his hands into fists. The music seemed to have stopped for good.

Sapnap's eyes widened. *Wait one fucking minute.*

Are...wait, no, could-What the fuck?

Oh. OH.

He suddenly felt very, very uncomfortable and out of place.

No. No, no, no. This-no. You've got to be kidding. And in front of Bad, too?!

Sapnap coughed, interrupting the awkward, silent tension of the last few minutes and the mental conversation George and Dream seemed to be having.

Dream seemed to be paralyzed, frozen staring at George, still crimson through and through.

George glanced towards Sapnap, who looked back at him with a deadpan stare that said a thousand words, tipping his head in Dream's direction.

George grinned sheepishly in return, an unashamed expression that said *Sorry?* but still managed to convey that he didn't really mean it. Sapnap nodded in return, a sort of understanding passing between them.

Sapnap cleared his throat again. "Uh. Hey, Bad, I just remembered something." he ad-libbed awkwardly, desperately hoping his friend would take the hint.

Bad, who had been humming quietly and bobbing his head along to the music, frowned inquisitively at Sapnap. "What's up, Pandas?" he asked, using a nickname that Sapnap absolutely hated. Or at least that's what he said.

"Don't call me that." Sapnap sighed. "We, um, we have to, uh, go feed the horses! Right? No one's fed them yet today, and—"

Bad frowned. "Won't the stablehands take care of that?"

"Bad ." Sapnap hissed. "No, they're not here today. Let's go ."

George stifled a snicker and shot a look at Sapnap, who gave him an extremely exasperated *shut-up-you-idiot* stare.

Dream finally unfroze, cocking an eyebrow at Sapnap. He was still very red, but his face had retained a little bit of its trademark cockiness. “What do you mean they aren’t here today? Don’t they literally live here?”

“Yeah, you muffinhead, how could you forget?” Bad added.

“You know, maybe you should just go with him, uh, Bad, is that your name?” George added, jumping into the banter like an old friend instead of a complete stranger. “What the hell is a muffinhead? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“Language! Don’t say h-e-double-hockey-sticks, George. Nice to meet you, by the way. Dream talks about you a lot. I like your pants.”

“Oh, uh, thanks. I guess. Wait, he does?”

“I do not!” Dream defended weakly. “Sapnap, are you tripping? Maybe you’ve just gotten lazy.” Dream joked nervously, hastily changing the subject.

“Dream. Shut up, you fucking idiot.” Sapnap retorted testily over the commotion, silencing everyone.

“Language!”

“Hey!” Dream retorted indignantly. “You can’t call me-“

“I’m trying to do you a favor here?” Sapnap interrupted, throwing his hands up.

“Huh?” Bad asked, which was wholly ignored.

Dream furrowed his eyebrows at Sapnap, the *what-do-you-mean* message completely clear.

Sapnap sighed for the umpteenth time. They sure were having a lot of mental conversations today.

He motioned with his head at George, then stared at Dream.

Dream shrugged. What?

Sapnap looked like he was about to strangle someone, making aggressive grabbing motions at the air before trying one more time . He tipped his head at George again, then in Bad's direction. Bad was singing some kid's song about farm animals to himself, using his fingers to make bunny ears and shadow puppets.

Dream's eyes widened. He motioned to George, then pointed to himself. *You think-*

Yeah, dumbass! Sapnap slapped his forehead.

George snickered again. Dream went cherry red to the tips of his ears, avoiding George's eyes as well as he could.

Dream motioned frantically back at Sapnap. *No way, idiot!*

“Hey, what are you doing, Your Majesty?” George asked innocently, resting his chin on his hand and setting the lyre down on the ground next to him.

“Nothing.” Dream replied awkwardly.

“*Nothing.*” Sapnap parroted, earning a sharp glare from the former.

Taking that as his cue to leave, Sapnap walked over to Bad and took hold of his arm. “Hey, Bad, we’re going to give these two time with each other, ‘kay?” he coaxed.

“Sapnap!” Dream hissed, earning another snort from George. “It’s-we’re-dude! We barely even know-“

“What? I didn’t say nothin’, Your Majesty.” Sapnap rolled his eyes.

“Uh, whadaya mean, Pandas? What if-we’re really not supposed to leave, he could get hurt, we’re guards, remember?” Bad frowned.

“It’s fine, Bad, you guys can go.” Dream replied far too quickly. “I don’t think-I’ll be fine.” he tripped over his words, trying his best to avoid George’s cool stare and Sapnap’s amused gaze at the same time.

“We can go to the library and organize books, or talk to one of the knights. I hear Techno just started training a new squire-his name’s Tommy, I think- and apparently he’s a little shit. Maybe he’ll need some help.” Sapnap fibbed. He wasn’t really *lying* -most of what he said had been true-just bending the truth a little bit. He doubted Techno would need any help.

“Language! Well, I mean, I guess we can go to the library, if-You’re sure you’re all right on your own?” Bad directed the last question at Dream. “We can get Wilbur or Skeppy to come in-“

“No, no, Bad, I’m fine, I’m fine.”

“Alright. Come on, Bad. Library time.” Sapnap guided Bad towards the exit, shooting a you-owe-me look at Dream.

After his guard’s footsteps had receded a good way down the corridor, Dream coughed awkwardly, rubbing the back of his neck and adjusting his crown, still avoiding the other’s gaze.

“So. Um, sorry about Sapnap. He’s really...He’s...He’s weird.”

George snickered. “I can see that. I don’t think I’ve ever really introduced myself to you, have I?”

“Uh, you did. When you..when you first arrived. At the castle.” Dream seemed to suddenly have lost his ability to form complete sentences, something that George found both amusing and adorable.

George had always wondered about the king who lived in the castle, governing his village and many others beyond. A year ago, Dream and his guards had come to his village just after his coronation, on official business.

George still remembered the way people cleared the way and cheered for the new king, who sat upon a horse. Dream's expression had been a mix of cocky and embarrassed as he waved to the throngs of people who shouted his name.

George thought he was the most attractive person he'd ever seen. Blonde hair, mischievous green eyes and a devil-may-care gaze, Dream had wormed his way into George's heart and sat there within ten seconds of laying eyes on him.

It was definitely a problem, because a commoner-and a *guy*-could never hope to win the king's love. Still, Dream crossed George's mind nearly every week after his visit.

So, a week or so ago, when news of the court entertainer position reached George's village, he jumped at the chance to meet his crush and maybe make some money for his family.

It had gone much better than he ever could've imagined. Not only did Dream seem to be equally attracted to him (which was absolutely *huge*) he was also so much better in person.

So much more... *real*. So much more attractive, because now George could see his face up close, catch every slip of the confident facade to reveal someone different, someone *vulnerable*, someone that George just wanted to rip apart and watch unravel in front of him, pliant and needy and submissive and begging.

George wanted to destroy Dream, rip him apart from the inside out, watch as he dissolved into a puddle underneath George's hands.

He licked his lips at the thought, returning his mind to the situation at hand.

"Well, um, I'm Dream. You can call me Dream, I mean." Dream stumbled over his words, trying to fill the sudden silence and jolting George out of his thoughts.

He wished that George would just stop looking at him like that, gaze predatory and sharp and hungry.

“Oh, really?” George grinned.

George decided to take a chance. A pretty huge chance, but fuck it. From what he’d seen from Dream, it seemed he’d at least partially be successful. *Time to move things along. This is getting boring.*

“Nice to meet you, Dream.” George stood and walked up the two steps of the dais, offering his hand to Dream with an innocent, companionable grin. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Dream’s head tilted up, George now nearly standing over him due to the chair. Despite George’s short stature, Dream suddenly felt very small, cheeks coloring just the slightest bit.

He tentatively reached out and shook George’s hand, attempting to release his grip after a few seconds. “Uh, hi, George. I mean, we’ve met, but...?” his voice petered off into a small, confused *huh?* -type noise.

George didn’t let go, dark chocolate eyes boring into forest green, all traces of friendliness falling away to reveal the unnerving smile of a hunter whose prey had just taken the bait.

Hook, line and sinker.

Dream shrank in his seat, face burning a fierce shade of scarlet. “Geor-“

Quick as a whip, George grabbed Dream’s other hand from where it was resting on the arms of the throne and pinned both wrists above Dream’s head, on the tall, cushioned backrest of the throne.

He leaned in, nearly nose to nose with Dream.

Dream stared at him, wide-eyed, extremely confused, slightly scared, and way more aroused than he reasonably should have been. His brain was completely scrambled, random snatches of thoughts swirling around in his head. *What is why huh how too close too close fuck what the fuck no no yes yes yes*

“Uh-um, nice to meet you too? I-what-“ he spluttered, trying to hide the creeping flush on his neck and the growing tent in his pants.

“So, Dreamie.” Cutting Dream off, George tested the nickname out on his tongue, smiling when Dream turned even redder. “You know you don’t need to hide it from me, hmm?”

“I don’t-“ Dreamie? Dream swallowed, mouth suddenly dry. “I-uh-hide? What do you-what are you-George, this is-“

“I see it in your eyes, Dream.” George leaned even closer. Now they were nose to nose. Dream could feel every breath George took on his lips, caged and helpless between the arms that restrained him.

George leaned in to whisper in his ear, warm breath on his neck making him squirm. “You’re so cocky and confident, Dreamie. You grin and posture for the masses, but all you really want is to be brought down. You want to beg for me, yeah? Want me to make you scream, make you cry, make you drool and come all over yourself, *Your Majesty?* ” George mocked, lips curving into a smile once he realized he’d hit a nerve.

Dream let out a poorly stifled whine, pants tightening uncomfortably at the immediate, whiplash-inducing change in dynamic and the words that were just spoken.

“I-I-“

“You like the idea, hmm?” Dream could feel George’s smug smirk against his neck, trembling under the tempting warmth. “Want me to make it come true?”

Dream pressed his lips together tightly with weak defiance, heat pooling in his lower regions, determined not to make a sound lest he embarrass himself further.

George frowned at the lack of answer, tightening his grip on Dream’s wrists. “I could just leave, y’know. Leave you here, whining like a *slut*, shivering underneath that crown of yours. Waiting for someone to find you. I could go back to my village, resign from my position, and you’d never see me again. Leave you to live with yourself. You don’t want that, do you, Dreamie?”

Dream shook his head frantically. He had no idea how this had happened, why everything was

going this fast, why the idea of being put in his place felt so appealing, why he felt so helpless when this was his castle and his kingdom and he could easily take control back, why being called a slut sent delightful shivers up his spine, why the way George was talking to him made him want to submit and stop fighting, be the one *out* of control for once, why the thought of George leaving sent panic blaring through his brain-

One thing he did know was, he didn't want it to stop.

"That's what I thought." George stepped back slightly, keeping an iron grip on Dream's wrists, although he didn't think Dream would have moved anyway.

He took in the sight of the king, drinking in every little detail.Flushed, red from the tips of his ears to his collar, a light dusting of freckles shining with a sheen of sweat across his nose, mouth slightly open, eyes wide and unbelieving and *submissive*.

"Look at you. Forced into submission by someone you barely know. It's been what, thirty seconds? What a little whore." George taunted mockingly, keeping his eyes on Dream's face as he reached forward with his free hand and lightly ran a finger down Dream's chest, chuckling at the shiver that racked the blonde at the barest contact.

"Aww. Does someone need a little help?" George snickered as his finger reached Dream's navel, noticing the sizeable tent in his boxers.

Dream blushed even harder, reflexively tried to cover his face with his arms, realized he couldn't, and settled for squeezing his eyes shut and turning his head to the side.

"Look at me." George demanded, frowning when he received no response yet again.

"Look at me." Using his free hand that had been tracing idle circles on Dream's stomach, George grabbed Dream's chin forcefully and twisted his face so it was pointed in his direction.

Dream's eyes flew open from the motion, staring fearfully at George. "I-I'm so-"

"Look at me when I talk to you, slut." George hissed, cutting Dream off. "Do you understand?"

Dream nodded, his green irises beginning to glaze over at the constant degradation and rough treatment, hitting him where he was the weakest. White flashes of arousal ran down his spine, making it difficult to focus on anything and fogging his mind, pants now almost painfully tight.

“I said, do you understand? ” George gripped Dream’s chin tighter, leaving a red imprint of his fingers there.

“Yes.” Dream managed to squeak out.

“Yes what?” George cooed, forcing Dream’s head up so Dream was staring into his eyes.

Dream inhaled sharply, eyes rolling back in his head for a brief moment. “...Yes, *sir*. ”

“That’s better.” George gazed at Dream for a moment with a calculating look, before pulling Dream’s chin forward and clashing their lips together.

“Mmmph!” Dream yelped in surprise, opening his mouth just enough for George to slip his tongue in, tilting Dream’s head to the side slightly to explore his mouth better.

Dream, taken by surprise, unable to move his hands, could only make muffled noises and struggle half-heartedly.

When George pulled away after a few moments, Dream was gasping for air, lips puffy and wet, eyes dazed and unfocused, and his crown was tilted at an unusual angle.

He pulled weakly against George’s grip on his wrists, only managing to make George grab them tighter.

“Want me to touch you, Dreamie?” George asked, mouth drooping into a mocking pout. “Want me to make you feel good?”

Dream groaned quietly, insides uncomfortably hot and pupils blown. *Please, please, please, please, please please please please please please please*

He nodded shamefully, bucking his hips slightly. George chuckled, taking the hand that had been on his chin and mussing Dream's hair carelessly, then moving it to his hips and holding them down.

"Use your words. Slut." George's words felt like sweet, venomous honey, pouring into Dream's ears and destroying him from the inside. He felt so-so *needy*, so *desperate*, and it had barely been five minutes. The only noise he could squeeze out was a whine that sounded alarmingly close to a moan.

"C'mon, love. Put your money where your mouth is." George tapped a finger to Dream's lips before returning to holding his hips down.

"P...Please...?" Dream choked out, fighting against the temptation to shut his eyes again.

"Please what? You're going to have to be specific, Dreamie, I can't know what you want without you telling me."

Holy fuck. Dream gritted his teeth, liquid humiliation coursing through his veins, all courage he could have possibly had vanishing without a trace.

He's going to make me beg for it. Just like he said he would. Dream gasped, attempting to buck his hips up yet again, but firmly held in place.

"Remember, Dreamie, I can leave. For all your power, you can't keep me here. C'mon, whore, the clock is ticking." George reminded the quaking boy. A little motivation, if you will.

No no no don't go don't stop don't leave me here don't stop please please please-

"Please-Please, George, please sir, please please please touch me." Dream pleaded, tears shining at the corner of his eyes, so turned on he felt like he would explode if he went another minute without friction. "Please?"

"Good boy." George cooed, reaching out with a thumb to wipe a tear from the corner of Dream's eye, rubbing his cheek in a consoling motion. "Look at you, crying already? Poor, sweet baby."

“Don’t worry, you’ll be much worse off when I’m done.” he smiled menacingly, sending tingles down the blonde boy’s spine, completely at his mercy and loving every minute of it. “I’ll take care of you now, though.”

Dream sniffled, nodding desperately. “Please.”

“Patience, love.” George tutted, using both his hands to place Dream’s wrists behind his back. “Keep them there. Move at all and you’ll regret it.” Dream swallowed, letting out a quiet *yes, sir* in response. He leaned back against his hands and clenched his fists, determined not to disobey.

Both hands now free, George kneeled in front of the throne, running his fingers lightly over the fabric covering Dream’s hard-on. Dream keened, desperately holding himself back from bucking up.

Slowly, slowly, George pulled down Dream’s trousers to expose his boxers, noting with amusement the wet spot in the center. “Leaking in your pants, huh? I’ve barely done anything yet.”

Dream blushed, pupils growing even bigger. “Mm...please...said you’d touch me, please...” he begged, hoping to make George go faster.

George snickered, hooking the band of his underwear with one finger and tugging it down with a sharp movement, cock springing free.

Dream exhaled at the temporary relief, his thighs shaking in the cold air, the fat on them making them jiggle enticingly. His cock stood upright, red and glistening, begging for attention.

“Oh, you have freckles down here too!” George exclaimed, purposefully ignoring the part of Dream that clearly needed care and grabbing his thighs with both hands, squeezing *hard*.

A surprised squeak escaped the man above him, shivering and sweating. George delivered a series of light pinches to the pale skin of Dream’s thighs, causing Dream to writhe in his seat, whining.

“Don’t move.” George ordered before leaning down and nipping at the flesh of Dream’s legs with his teeth, running his tongue over one of the patches of freckles that dotted him all over.

“Mm-Mm!!” Dream clamped his lips together, crying out at the sudden wet, nearly painful pressure so close to his neglected cock, fighting the overpowering urge to squirm and the warning signals being sent to his brain, eyes rolling back.

George moved on to another spot, sucking dark marks all over the inside of Dream’s thighs, alternating sharp nips and light kisses, his hands massaging the outside of his legs and squeezing the sensitive flesh.

“Oh- “ Dream bit his lip hard, very nearly losing the battle to stay still and stay quiet, staring down at the man in between his legs, who sat up and gave him an amused look. Dream whined. “Please? You know what I-“

“What, Dreamie? You asked me to touch you, aren’t I doing that?” George quirked an eyebrow, squeezing Dream’s thighs again and forcing another strangled sound out of his throat.

“Besides, I want to hear you. A pathetic whore like you shouldn’t care whether or not anybody hears, hm?” George delivered a pinch to his navel, so *agonizingly* close-

Dream whined again, feeling tears build up in his eyes. He wanted to be touched so badly, *needed* relief, needed *something*- “Th-That’s not fair-“ he choked out, feeling stupidly desolate. *Wanna come wanna come wanna-fuck, fuck, fuck-*

George grinned at the sight of Dream slowly unraveling, knowing all he had to do was push the poor boy a little further. “Unfair? What do you mean?”

“Said you’d-you, touch me-please, I-I...” Dream trailed off, sniffling pathetically.

“I don’t remember that. Maybe you should ask again.” George feigned ignorance, trailing a finger down Dream’s thigh.

“I...you...please, sir?” Dream tried feebly, nearly whispering the last two words.

“Speak up.” George pinched the inside of Dream’s thigh roughly, right on a soft patch of skin where he thought it would hurt the most.

That was all it took.

Dream burst into tears, sniffling and sobbing and finally bucking his hips, overwhelmed and frustrated and starved and confused. He wanted more, *more*, god, and he wasn't getting any of it, and it was too much. He cried like a little boy who had lost his favorite toy or dropped his ice cream on the ground, wanting to pound his fists against the floor and throw a fit.

George smirked devilishly and showed no sign of giving in. "I'm still not getting an answer, Dreamie. Tell me. *What. Do. You. Want?*" He locked eyes with Dream's puffy ones, tears spilling out and dripping down his cheeks.

The dam finally broke, and Dream gave in.

"*Touch me, touch my cock please suck me please sir please please please make me come I don't care anymore please I'm your whore I'm your slut I'm your little fuck toy to play with and use as you please please sir I wanna-I wanna-*" Dream wailed, incoherent sobbing drowning out his begging, unable to even wipe his tears away because that would be disobeying and he wanted to be good, wanted to feel good, wanted to be loved and touched and consoled and used, called a slut and a whore, he wanted so, *so* much and so, *so badly* -

George inhaled sharply, grinning. *He looks so good like this. Crying, broken, teased...* "Good boy. Good boy- God, Dream, you're so cute." He stood up, wiping Dream's tears away and bringing him in for a kiss, making soft, encouraging noises against his lips, rubbing his back and consoling the spent, shivering form beneath him.

When he pulled away, Dream was sniffling, scrunching his nose up and blinking the last few tears away, pupils blown so large they nearly swallowed all green in his eyes. His royal garments were rumpled and sweaty, crown teetering on his head, and he looked nothing at all like the confident facade he presented in public. "Touch me, sir?" he pleaded, eyelashes wet, lips bruised and cock throbbing. The sight sent a shiver down George's spine, reminding him of his own painfully hard cock. But that wasn't important right now.

George kneeled again. "Remember, don't move. And don't come until I say you can." he warned before taking Dream's weeping member in his hand.

"Mmm, fuck!" Dream gasped at the feeling, clenching his fists even harder to prevent from just fucking into George's palm. *Holy fucking shit that feels so good, he's barely just started touching me and I feel like I'm going to come-*

George ran his thumb across the slit, picking up a generous glob of precum that he rubbed back into the tip of Dream's cock, eliciting a loud, lewd moan.

Dream's toes curled at the slow pressure, eyes focusing and unfocusing. "Ah-ah, fuck, fuck me, fuck, that—"

George began to stroke him, hand picking up dribbles of precum that acted remarkably well as lube, judging by the sounds Dream was making.

Dream's mouth sat agape, a little bit of drool coming out of the side as he moaned and whined, the wait making every bit of friction a hundred times better, feeling a coil of pleasure begin to tighten in his stomach.

Noticing Dream's pants and the embarrassing amount of precum that leaked out of him, George stroked faster, rubbing the head of Dream's cock, pushing him even closer to the edge.

Dream's eyes rolled back again, coil getting tighter and tighter, moaning frantically, trying to control himself. He was right at the edge, about to explode, about to reach his release, whether he wanted it or not. And, despite how hard he tried to obey, oh *fuck* did he want it. "Ah, ah, ah, oh, fuck, please, please, close—"

And George stopped his strokes, sitting back on his heels and shaking his head.

Dream whined, tears beginning to prick at his eyes again, legs starting to shake, the coil in his stomach unwinding again and denying him release. "Why-why did-why did you stop?" he asked pitifully, hiccuping. "Wasn't-wasn't I good?"

George smiled condescendingly in a way that anyone else would have mistaken for gentle. "You were, Dreamie. But I'm not done with you yet. And I never said you could come, did I?"

Before Dream could ask what he meant or even react, George leaned down and took his cock between his lips, taking the entire head in one go.

Dream nearly screamed, straining against the seat as George tongued his slit and took even more of

him into his mouth. “Sir-holy fuck , god that feels so good, please, please- “ he sobbed in sheer bliss, crying out. His mind was clouded by a haze of delirious pleasure, and he felt his release approaching once again.

George pulled off Dream, leaving a lewd string of saliva connecting his mouth to the tip, but before the latter could protest, he hollowed his cheeks and took Dream down to the base, gagging but pushing through the pain and sucking as hard as he could.

Dream moaned wantonly at the new pressure. He could’ve sworn the edge of his vision actually blurred out.

“ Oh my fucking-ah, ah, ah, oh , god, that feels fucking amazing,” *I’m in his throat. That’s so tight-fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, please, gonna come, gonna come-* Dream really did scream then, coming down George’s throat so hard he saw white. His brain exploded with bliss and his hips bucked uncontrollably as he rode out his high, trembling all over.

Dream slumped down into his throne, brain basically shut down and ready to pass out when George grabbed his chin again, much more forcefully this time.

Oh, fuck. Dream turned, and George was smiling sadistically at him, the expression sending a shiver down Dream’s back.

“So, slut. Did I say you could come?” he asked with a playful grin, semen dripping down his chin and eyes slightly red. Dream followed the sight of his own come dribbling out of George’s mouth, soft cock trying to twitch at the sight and making his brain short-circuit for an instant.

“N-No, sir. I’m so-“ Dream swallowed, slurring his words slightly. He still couldn’t think straight, the lingering fog in his head making it difficult to do anything.

“Whores that can’t follow instructions get punished.” George cut him off with a jovial tone, as if he were commenting on the weather.

Punished? “What are y- ah, fuck -“ he interrupted himself as George wrapped his hands around his cock again, stroking at a frantic pace.

“No, no, no, too much, too much-“ Dream tried to protest before George stroked even faster,

sending sparks running through his head and destroying all rational thought, the constant pleasure almost painful.

Stop stop stop stop stop no too much please no Dream sobbed, alarms blaring through his brain as his body tried to fight the pleasure he was being given, unable to think, moaning in distress as George pumped him.

“I’m sorry-Sir, please, please ,*fuck* I’m so sorry, let me make it up to you I’ll do anything, please please stop no more no more-“ Dream hiccuped out, barely able to hold himself up.

George paused his torture. “Anything?”

“Uh-I-I-“ Dream stuttered, wailing when George stroked him once.

“*Answer me.*”

“Yes! Yes, anything, anything, please-“ Dream begged. “Make it stop, just- *fuck!* ”

George smiled, standing up and leaning close to Dream’s ear, lowering his voice to a whisper.

“You want to make it up to me, huh?”

Dream shivered, nodding hesitantly.

“I want to fuck your throat. I want to see those pretty little lips wrapped around my cock, Dreamie. You want that?” he cooed, pressing a kiss to Dream’s cheek.

Holy shit. Dream’s cock twitched again, causing him to yelp and shift in his seat. “Uhm-“ yes, yes, do it, do it, get on your knees “I-yeah.” he admitted quietly.

“Hmm?” George grinned widely. *Is he agreeing?*

“I-I’ll suck you off, sir.” Dream answered in a tone close to a whisper, limbs still heavy as he stood up, shaking from the effort.

George smiled. “Good boy.” He walked behind Dream to sit on the throne, swapping places with the king. Dream turned around so he was facing George, nearly falling over. It was an odd scene, the blonde-haired king, exposed from the waist down, standing in front of the brown-haired commoner sitting on his throne and calling *him* sir. Both so out of place, but it somehow felt *right*.

Dream kneeled down, hesitantly scrambling to pull George’s trousers and boxers off before settling between his legs, staring at his leaking erection with wide eyes and looking to the brunette for permission.

Instead, George laced his fingers into Dream’s hair and guided him onto his cock, sighing at the stimulation.

Dream spluttered at first, but then began to tentatively lap at George’s tip, forcing his tongue into the slit and making the man above him groan in surprise.

George narrowed his eyes and pushed Dream’s head down, forcing his mouth to the base. Dream gagged, reflexively trying to go up, but George held him there for a moment before allowing him to breathe.

Dream pulled off quickly, gasping for air. George smirked. “Slut. You don’t get to decide how you’re used, got it? I’m going to fuck your throat, and you’re going to kneel there and take it like the whore you are, yeah?”

Without waiting for an answer, George grabbed Dream’s hair again- hard - and slammed his hips forward into Dream’s mouth, driving his cock as deep as he could. He drew out a little bit, then repeated the motion, setting a brutal pace.

Dream’s eyes rolled upwards, scrambling for a hold on the edge of the throne. Drool and precum dripped out of his mouth, staining his shirt, but he didn’t care. All he could do was hold on as his mouth was brutalized from every angle and moan around the cock between his lips.

“Mm- fuck -“ George groaned, pulling Dream’s hair even harder as he sped up, approaching his orgasm. “You fucking *love* this, don’t you? You love that I’m fucking your mouth and you’re salivating like a bitch in heat around my cock. You’re so fucking tight , you little whore, you just

love being used, don't you?"

Dream keened, eyes unfocusing, George's words going straight to his cock and messing with his head. He couldn't move, couldn't talk, couldn't even *think*-

"Close-fuck - I'm gonna come, Dream, and you're gonna swallow it, you hear me?" George growled, slamming into Dream's throat roughly. "You're gonna swallow every last drop, you're going to take my come down your throat and you're gonna love it, you stupid fucking whore-holy *shit*-!"

George yelled out, pulling Dream's mouth flush to his groin and releasing down his throat, making the blonde choke underneath him. And Dream swallowed it all, cheeks bulging with seed as he forced it down his throat and tears rolled down his face.

George pulled out carelessly, tucking his cock back into his pants and regarding Dream lazily. "You look so hot with my come all over your face, Dreamie. Good boy."

Dream could only nod dazedly, looking absolutely ruined and used, listing to the side as his crown finally fell off his head, landing with a clatter on the dais.

"Stand up, love." George ordered. "C'mere."

The king tried to stumble to his feet, barely able to support himself and nearly falling over before George suddenly pulled him into his lap, pressing their chests flush together.

"Mm-!" Dream yelped, a little more cum dripping out of his mouth, still-exposed cock rubbing against George's stomach, causing him to crumple into George, supporting himself on the other boy. "Wh-"

George pulled him into a melting kiss, using one hand to cup Dream's chin and support him and grabbing his cock with the other, swallowing the overstimulated noises the poor boy made and tasting his mouth.

He began to stroke Dream again, toying with the poor boy he had completely at his mercy. Dream beat his fists against George's chest weakly, attempting to struggle with the little strength he had left to no avail.

George pulled away from the kiss for a moment, regarding Dream with amusement. “You taste like my come.” he remarked before kissing him again, pumping his cock with twice as much fervor.

Dream started crying again, eyes glassy, entire body shaking and overworked. He couldn’t escape George’s grip, however, which meant he had to sit there and take the agonizing pleasure, protests muffled by George’s lips against his.

Dream moaned loudly into the kiss as he came dry for the second time, tremors racking his entire body.

Overworked and pushed to the limit, he finally passed out in George’s arms.

George smiled fondly once he realized that Dream’s breathing had evened out, cradling the boy in his arms and taking his hand off Dream’s cock.

Only then did he begin to think about the possible repercussions. *I just slept with the king.*

I, a male, a peasant-just slept with the king.

And we both enjoyed every minute of it.

He sighed, kissing Dream on the forehead. *I’ll deal with that later.* “Now, how am I supposed to sneak you out of here?” He figured he could maybe slip back to his quarters and get Dream cleaned up if he was extra quiet. Speaking of which, George hoped no one had heard the two of them. Dream had been pretty loud.

“It seems like we’re going to have to sneak back to my rooms, huh?” he asked the sleeping form.
“Well. It’s the only option.”

George stood up shakily, hoisting Dream up in his arms, bridal style. “You’re heavy as hell.” He didn’t think he could get Dream dressed by himself, so that meant he just had to be really, really careful. “Guess we’ll risk it.”

George kissed Dream on the forehead, carrying him over to the corridor.

His lyre and Dream's crown lay forgotten behind them.

End Notes

my definition of a “smut fic”: 10k words, 6k plot + setup, 4k smut
oh my fucking god this took two wholeass WEEKS FINALLY

I literally hate this I promise this isn’t my best work please don’t judge this is terrible and
the lead up is bad help no I hate this I hategegwgbw

I may continue this, but I might not have time cause I’m gonna be swamped during October
(can you guess why)

okay, anyway, for those of you that are waiting for updates, I’ve got like 2.5k words of the
high school au done and I’ve been procrastinating pickup lines BIG-TIME. but uh, it might
be a bit of a wait cause uh

I’M DOING KINKTOBER ahah

See details in my Kinktober 2020 work!

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/26731438/chapters/65214067> and yes, it’s prolly mostly
DreamNotFound

I’m mostly doing this to try and fix my procrastination problem lmao
feedback is appreciated cause I’m not that experienced at smut ;-;
no seriously comments feed my soul

me, writing porn abt two mcyters, one of which whose appearance is completely
speculation, where one is a king somehow, the other is a peasant: not realistic >:(
hope u enjoyed!

-puff

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!